

As there are many incorrect statements afloat respecting the circumstances connected with the wreck of the unfortunate, ill-constructed, and badly managed steam boat Home, Capt. White, I would ask the favor of an insertion in your paper of the following brief narrative of the incidents which actually came under my observation:

The first thing I would mention is, the high character which, both the boat and Captain White sustained in New York.—She was spoken of as being superior in speed to any boat on the coast: as having a skilful, experienced, and temperate Captain, and possessing accommodations of the highest order. These remarks were correct to a certain extent as far as splendor and speed were concerned, and no farther, which will be seen before I close. With these recommendations, I was induced to go aboard of her in preference to any other conveyance, and I found it universally the case with the other passengers.

We left New York at 4 o'clock, on Saturday evening, Oct. 7th. The day had been warm and calm, and there was every prospect of good weather for some days after. As we were about leaving the wharf, our friends congratulated us upon the prospect of a pleasant voyage; and to use their expressions, "What a pleasant time you will have." "Such charming evenings," (there was a moon) "O, I wish I were going with you," and the like expressions. We had sailed about 18 miles, when from some unknown cause, the Captain got off his track, and ran aground, where we were obliged to remain about six hours. But this did not dishearten or terrify us, as most of the passengers were accustomed to travelling, and expected to meet with mishaps and inconvenience, and were all engaged in different amusements as if nothing had happened, save occasionally to embark on the probability of this oversight of the Captain injuring the reputation of the boat.

The next morning, (Sunday, Oct. 8.) there was a very little wind, but a very heavy sea, which plainly betokened a storm not far off. About 10 o'clock the wind commenced blowing and kept increasing till Monday next, (Oct. 9.) At 3 o'clock on Sunday afternoon, it was difficult to get about the boat, and a good share of the passengers began to experience the disagreeableness of sea-sickness, myself for one, and were obliged to remain in berths. About 1 o'clock on Monday morning we were off Cape Hatteras, and so violent had the storm become, the most of the passengers went upon deck; the more timid were much frightened; some suggested making for land, while others were for waiting till day-light, in the vain hope of an abatement of the storm. The dawn came, but only gave us a more visible view of our awful situation—horror and dismay were depicted in every countenance. But little was said by the passengers—all wore long faces. The ladies, about 40 in number, intelligent, interesting, and beautiful ladies too, many of them quite sick; and now and then a tear would drop from some poor mother's eye, as she looked upon her child with a mother's fondness. About 12, the kitchen door was broken in by a wave, and many things washed out; the water was sometimes a foot deep in the lower deck, and it was difficult to open or shut any of the doors in the boat. About 3 o'clock on Monday afternoon the engine ceased its operation, the water having extinguished the fire, and we were left with nothing but our sail to move us along. There were two old, experienced sea captains aboard, Captain Salter, and Capt. Hill—they, too, began to be restless, and expressed their alarm. They also began to give directions to the passengers, in case they should be run aground. Thus, of course, added fresh poignancy to our alarms, especially to the females,—tears flowed more abundantly—wives clung closer to their husbands—misses and lads wept louder—men grew more sad.

About 4 o'clock, the 1st mate, Mr. Matthews, I believe, went to Capt. Salter and said "I am sorry to say it, but Capt. White is drunk!! and if you have any mercy on yourself or the passengers, do go up, and take the command." Capt. Salter went up to Capt. White, and found him sitting in his chair, with his head leaned back, asleep from intoxication!! Capt. Salter addressed him and took the command, and directed a sailor to watch him to prevent his rolling into the sea, and made for land as fast as possible. Just then, Capt. Hill discovered that the boat was leaking very fast, and immediately he ordered all hands, passengers and all, to bailing water. He encouraged us of safety if we could keep her free of water, and all labored to the utmost of their strength—and even some of the ladies worked to the last passing buckets. About 12 o'clock on Monday night, Capt. Salter discovered Ocracoke Light-house, and by the breakers, found that land was near. As soon as the cry of land was heard, all dropped their buckets and rushed to the deck, and the boat immediately filled and grounded, about half a mile from shore. The ladies were then, all in the saloon, or dining cabin—they were called forward, and each man, as is natural took his own course for his safety—some immediately jumped overboard—but most ran up on to the wheel-house, and the highest parts of the boat. Then it was that the horrors of a ship-wreck were witnessed—then it was that we heard the dying agonies of a wife—then we heard father cry to his child—

Miscellaneous.

CONSERVATIVE RESPECT FOR THE CHURCH.—At the Lyndhurst Race Ball, W. A. Mackinnon, Esq. steward, held last week, at the Angel Hotel, Lyndhurst, the Church Wardens, at the solicitation of several conservative gentlemen, had the Chandeliers, which hung in front of the Communion Table of the Parish Church removed, for the purpose of lighting up the ball room. We understand that it is in contemplation to cite the church wardens in the Ecclesiastical Court for such conduct.

UNITED STATES MAGAZINE AND DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.—We have received, with a request to exchange, the specimen number of this work. We have not had time and opportunity to read any thing more than the table of contents, and must defer, for the present, any remarks upon the character of the several articles.—We hope on examination, to find the work deserving a better character, as to its literature and morals, than we can bestow on its typography and mechanical execution. It is shamefully printed, and the manner in which it is sent into the world by the bookbinder, is *ditto*. It is altogether disgraceful to the American Press. We have not seen so ill-looking a pamphlet, for at least a dozen years. Otis, Broaders & Co. are the agents in this city.—*Boston Daily Advocate*.

Quite a Puff. Hit him again Blue Jacket.

BLUNDERS.

The Irish blunder is *sui generis*; and it is not only of a class by itself but it is of the best class. It always puzzles, which mere clownishness does not; but it always amuses by its oddity, its novelty and its humor. Of this order was the exclamation of the Irish gentleman who, on getting a ten-pound prize in the lottery, and finding that the prize was less than the money which he had paid for it, cried out, "What luck it was that I did not get the 20,000! I must have been entirely ruined!"

An orator in the Irish House of Commons, was describing the inordinate love of praise which characterized an opponent: "The honorable Member," said he, is so fond of being praised, that I really believe he would be content to give up the ghost, if it were but to look up and read the stone-cutter's puff on his grave."

"Contempt of money!" was the expression of another. "The honorable Member professes to play the philosopher. I can assure you, Mr. Speaker, that if there is any one office that glitters in the eyes of the honorable Member, it is that of a purse-bearer; a pension is a compendium of all the cardinal virtues. All his statesmanship is comprehended in the art of taxing; and for good, better, and best, in the scale of human nature, he invariably reads pence, shillings and pounds. I verily believe," exclaimed the orator, rising to the height of his conception, "that if the honorable gentleman were an undertaker, it would be the delight of his heart to see all mankind seized with a common mortality, that he might have the benefit of the general burial, and provide scarfs and hat-bands for the survivors."

The answer of one of the officers of the British brigade to the French King after an action, was long a source of amusement in France, and is still on record as an instance of the pregnant *brusquerie* of the sons of St. Patrick. The King, in portioning out his royal praise, observed that one of the regiments had behaved with great gallantry, "as was evident from the number of its wounded." "Yes, your Majesty," said the impatient and gallant Major, jealous for the honor of his own battalion, "they behaved well; but I may take leave to say, we behaved better; they might have had many wounded, and no blame to them; but we were all killed!"

This talent goes through all ranks. We remember to have heard a woman, who was scolding her brats for some pranks, exclaim, "Well, you two little villains, if I can make nothing of you, as sure as I live I will tell both your fathers!"

"My Lord," said a fellow condemned to be hanged for sheep-stealing, "all I ask of your Lordship is, that I shall not be hanged on a Friday." "Why?" asked the judge, in surprise. "Because," was the answer, "it is always counted a mighty unlucky day!"

"Never be critical upon the ladies," was the maxim of an old Irish peer, remarkable for his homage to the sex; "the only way in the world that a true gentleman ever will attempt to look at the faults of a pretty woman is to shut his eyes."

On the late importation of the colored and figured French nightcaps, an Irish Baronet, who had made a purchase of half-a-dozen of different patterns in Bond-street, was asked what he meant to do with so many? "Why, to be sure, wear them all till I see which I like best." "What in the dark?" "No; I sleep with a light in the room." "But how does that clear up the matter, if you are once asleep?" "Oh, the clearest thing in the world: from the cradle I had a habit of sleeping with my eyes open."

"Is there any ford here?" asked an English tourist who came suddenly to a full stop before one of the little mountain torrents of the west of Ireland. "Oh,

to be sure, your honor, there was a ford," said a peasant standing at the brink, and making a hundred grimaces of civility. "When was it?" said the tourist. "Before the bridge was built," said the peasant; "but when man and horse went over the bridge, the ford got out of the habit." "Well, now that the bridge is broken down, I suppose the ford may have got into the habit again. It is safe?" "To be sure, your honor, all but in the middle, but that is nothing; and if you can swim, there is not a better ford in the country. "But I cannot swim." "Then, your honor, the only safe way that I know of is, as soon as you get out of your depth, to walk back again."

"If we go to law," said a wealthy landlord to his tenant, "we go into Chancery; and out of Chancery neither of us will ever get till we get into our graves."—"I am of the same opinion; I want to get into neither, the one nor the other: so let us go to a reference," said the tenant; "and if the reference does not satisfy us, let the matter be settled, as usual, by an umpire." "Well, be it so, but on this condition," said the man of wealth, "that, if he cannot make a decision, we shall have umpires on both sides."

A GALE ON THE LAKES.—On the night of Thursday, and the morning of Friday last, Lake Ontario was visited by one of the most violent gales of wind that have been remembered for many years past. No accounts have reached us of any lives having been lost; but the loss of property, in the neighborhood of Kingston has been very considerable.

The Cleveland Herald of the 25th ult. states that a violent storm had been raging there for the last 48 hours. The Cuyahoga river, which empties into the lake at that place, was beginning to overflow the flat grounds, and was still rising. The wind blew a gale during that time, and the Herald of the following day, states as one of its effects, that the Schooner, E. Jenny, of Mount Clemens, bound from Buffalo to Detroit, was ashore just west of the piers. She had grounded in the attempt to enter the harbor, after riding out the gale for 24 hours. The Jenny was laden with merchandise; and it was expected she would be got off without material injury. A breach had also occurred in the Ohio Canal, between Massillon and Canal Dover, in consequence of the storm; but to what extent, was not ascertained.

The most popular topic of discussion at the north, appears at present to be animal magnetism. It has grown to be quite a rage among all classes: Men, even of high respectability for rank in society, and talent, have taken hold of it with enthusiasm, and are running mad with its wild doctrines. Among the rest Colonel Stone who has figured conspicuously as a journalist and book-maker, has lately come forth the avowed champion of this ridiculous humbug. He has gone so far as to write a pamphlet, giving a minute account of the system, and vindicating its pretensions to popular belief. Whether his zeal in lending himself to the propagation of this imposture, arise from the delusions of error, or the mania of book-making, seems to be a mooted question among his contemporaries of the north. Whatever be his motives, the tendency of his efforts to promote the spread of this error must be vicious, and justly merits condemnation at the hands of the public.—*Globe*.

WAR ON THE FRONTIER OF MISSOURI.—We learn from a gentleman direct from the upper Missouri counties, some further particulars in relation to the further apprehended difficulties with the Osage Indians on our border. These Indians are settled on a tract of land which adjoins our western state line, and lately have moved down upon the line. They are represented to be in a very destitute and starving condition, and on several occasions, have killed the cows and hogs of the settlers to assuage their hunger. It is alleged, that they have crossed the line. From these allegations, orders have been issued to drive them from the state line, and our informant says, that on Wednesday last, the troops under the command of Maj. Gen. Lucas and Br. Gen. Almond, from Jackson and Sahne counties, were to set out for the section where the Indians are encamped. It was the purpose of Gen. Lucas to induce the Indians to remove peaceably if he could, but forcibly if necessary.—*St. Louis Rep.*

An accident of a very singular and distressing nature, occurred in this city on Tuesday morning last. Mr. Joel Hall, a very industrious and sober man, in the employ of Messrs. D. & G. Bush, while carting a load of wood, placed his little child, about four years of age, in the back part of the cart behind the wood. After arriving at the place where it was to be delivered, he met with an acquaintance, and engaging in conversation, capriciously the wood upon the child, entirely forgetting that he had placed it in such a dangerous situation. The child was so much injured as to occasion its death in a few minutes after it was conveyed home, and the feeling of the father must have been distressing in the extreme.—*Penn.*

A memorial from one hundred and thirty-nine ladies of East Tennessee prays the Legislature that the tide of grief and sorrow caused by the dreadful scourge of intemperance may be stayed by legislative enactments.

(BY REQUEST.)

At a meeting of the citizens of Benton and vicinity, convened on Monday the 6th inst. to express their feeling of regret for the loss of their fellow-townsmen, JAMES S. SPROTT, who perished by the loss of the Steamer Home, on her passage from New-York to Charleston, David Gordon was called to the Chair, and W. D. Greenwood was appointed Secretary. The object of the meeting having been explained, Messrs. Edmund Curry, J. D. Hall, O. P. King, W. H. Chambliss, and J. L. Rochelle, were appointed a Committee to draft a Preamble and Resolutions suited to the occasion. After a few moments retirement, they made the following

REPORT,

That our hearts are filled with the most harrowing reflections, at the no longer doubtful fate of our esteemed townsman JAMES S. SPROTT. It having pleased Him who "guides the tempest, and whose throne is on the deep," to take from us one so much and so deservedly beloved, we feel ourselves constrained to offer this tribute of respect, at once prompted by our feelings and approved by time. The brave, the noble, the generous, the high minded SPROTT is no more! What heart that knew him does not swell with emotions of regret at these melancholy tidings? When, in the course of events, there falls among us one who possesses only the ordinary attributes of humanity, sorrow and lamentation is carried only into a narrow circle; but when one who happily blended the courteous gentleman, the candid and true-hearted friend, with the upright and virtuous citizen, is torn away, distant from friends and home, surrounded only by strangers and the howling tempest, the deepest and most painful interest pervades a wide-spread circle. Such was, and such has been the fate of our friend. The sympathies of an entire community descended with him to his watery grave!—Be it therefore—

Resolved, That we regard with feelings of the deepest and most heartfelt regret, the decease of our highly esteemed friend James S. Sprott.

Resolved, That we most sincerely sympathize with those relations and friends from whom he has been so suddenly torn.

Resolved, That as an expression of our respect and grief for his loss, we wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, That a copy of these Resolutions be forwarded to the parents of the deceased; and a letter of condolence be written by the above committee, to accompany the same.

Resolved, That the above Resolutions be published in the Lowndes County Observer and Montgomery Advertiser, with the request that they should be copied in the Camden Courier.

DAVID GORDON, Chairman.
W. D. GREENWOOD, Secretary.

NEWSPAPER PUBLISHERS.—The Editor of the *Wheeling Times* has the following just and feeling remarks, upon the subject of newspaper publishing, which certainly contains "more truth than poetry." The mania referred to has extensively prevailed in our goodly city, and hundreds have become its victims, who will bitterly repent that they ever sought the fame of being publishers of newspapers. Hear what he says upon the subject: "There is a mania for publishing newspapers in this world of ours, that is more fatal than the small pox, the cholera, or the yellow fever. Ninety in a hundred meet their destruction in it; yet, as fast as one dies another takes his place, gets inoculated with the writing fever, thinks of gold and glory, turns newspaper publisher, drags on a miserable life, half fed, half clothed, toils day and night, heart-sick and weary; the public slave, yet wielding an engine which, properly restricted, would move the world, or make its inhabitants tremble.

"The press cannot be free or useful while it is trammelled with poverty and dogged with duns. So situated, it will, it must be, at the back of every whippersnapper who has money enough to keep the printer's soul and body together.—This state of things will not do. We move that the printers of the United States divide off in halves, and 'jeff' to see which shall go to digging ditches or picking stone coal for a living. It would improve the situation of both halves mightily. We look upon every newspaper that is started, very much as we do upon every new murder that is committed. We think there is another man lost to every thing useful, lost to himself, lost to the world, and doomed to a purgatory from which salt cannot save him. We think that the last days of that man will be worse than the first—but all must live and learn. We have become a little hardened to the business, but if we had life to go over again, we should rather adopt the trade of fishing with minnows with a pin hook, than that of publishing a paper in the United States."

NOT WANTED.—The late eccentric John Randolph, bequeathed Thomas Hart Benton a pair of pistols in his last will and testament. Col. Benton has declined the bequest. His difficulty with Andrew Jackson was settled years since.—*Cleveland (Ohio) Herald*.

We see it stated in a Tennessee paper, that a company went to the house of a horse thief, in Weakly county, a few nights ago, to arrest him; and, to prevent discovery the company tied their horses a short distance off, and crept up to the house

with great precaution. The thief "smelt a rat" and slipped out at the back door, took the best horse in company, and has not been heard of since. This we think, surpasses some of Murrel's tricks.

Great Mortality.—The ship *Nester*, Capt. Moses, sailed from New York for New Orleans, on the 23d of August, with 212 passengers. A letter from Capt. Moses, states that 162 of his passengers died of the yellow fever previous to the 4th of October—and that on the 19th, only 16, out of the whole number survived.—*Char. Cour.*

Poetry.

DADE'S MASSACRE.

High in the mountain home, 'mid mists and clouds
Columbia's Genius sat, in waiting 'trowds,
Around her throne, her chosen spirits were—
The winds their courses, and their car the air.
On either side were placed in fit array
The mystic symbols of her mighty sway;
The Eagle perched upon her judgment seat,
The horn of plenty rested at her feet—
In her right hand the olive branch she bore,
And on her spear the cap of freedom wore,
Ranged on her left were symbols of the strife—
The drum, the clarion trumpet and shally fife;
Whilst o'er the scene, upon that mountain cloud,
The stately banner floated free and proud,
'Twas thus the Genius sat—when lo! in view,
A spirit messenger arrived, and flew
Strait to his mistress' feet and there he said
His tale of carnage, woe and honor dread.
That tale he brought from the far Southern land,
Uprose the genius then—with passion pale,
And wild with grief, she told this mournful tale:

From Tampa's wild and wave-worn shore,
And o'er that dreary desert-land,
There moved a small, but gallant corps,
A dauntless and devoted band.
Onward they moved in firm array,
The savage wilderness to tread—
Danger and death beset the way,
Yet onward, onward, still they sped.
Within the leader's breast there burned
A flame of chivalry as bright
As ever tide of battle turned,
Or fired the soul of errant knight.
The dusky forms of savage foes,
Lurk'd round them as they marched by day,
And round them numerous night-fires rose;
When darkness cheered their weary way.
The Withlacoochee now is pass'd—
The tangled hammocks dense and dark—
Each heart throbs high, each pulse beats fast—
Fort King must soon be reach'd. Hark! hark!
A rifle's shrill crack is there,
And then a long-drawn piercing yell
Came thrilling on the forest air,
Like shriek of tortured fiend from hell,
One moment more—and rifles flash'd
From out the grass—from every pine,
The gallant Dade his charger dash'd
Fast to the front, and cheer'd his line,
Another moment and he's down—
The charger and the chief are slain;
And messengers of death flew round,
Fast as fall storms of summer rain.
Now furious grew the desperate fight,
And well each soldier made his stand—
Oh! it was a great and glorious sight,
The prowess of that little band.
They waver'd not, though countless foes
Their deadly fire upon them pour'd;
They waver'd not, though round them rose
The fiendish yells of that wild horde;
But reckless of the battle's storm—
The bullet-shower that round them fell—
Though every tree had found its form—
Its dusky form and savage yell—
They hurled defiance back again,
In echoing thunders of the fight;
Oh! they were bold and desperate men,
Whom foes might slay, but could not fright.
And well they aim'd their answering fire
Upon the savage monsters there;
Hurrah! they feel it and retire—
And waving now the red men are;
Hurrah! hurrah! on ev'ry side—
Those Indian-men their fires slack,
Hurrah! 'tis changed—that battle's tide—
The savages are falling back.
Dear was that triumph as 'twas vain,
And short-lived too, as it was dear—
Two-thirds of the small force were slain—
Again the savages appear.
And ranging now in circle wide,
The heathen monsters take their stand,
And pour their fires from every side
Upon that little wasted band,
Who still undaunted keep their ground.
Though then their ranks, their means so slight,
Fenced with imperfect bullworks round—
Yet still they join th' unequal fight.
'Where were thy bolts, great God of Heaven?
Why flow they not to save the brave?
Were not thine armed angels given
The task that little band to save?
Oh! were they not commissioned then
To execute thy vengeance dire
Upon those wild and heathen men?
To scathe them with thy lightning fire?
Alas! alas! no aid came nigh,
And hope from man or Heaven was past;
Unvanquished still those freedom die,
Defiance breathing to the last.
'Tis done—the last sad act is o'er
Which closed that bloody tragedy;
But to the last each soldier bore
The bearing of the brave and free."

The Genius ceased—and solemn was the wail
With which her minions chorus'd that sad tale;
Wild were their answering cries of grief and woe,
And deep toned was their sympathetic glow.
Again the genius rais'd her hand on high—
Weak was her voice and tearful was her eye:
"Go pluck that flaunting banner down," she said,
"And should its folds in sabres of the dead,
Strike the deep drum in numbers sad and slow,
And let the fife's shrill notes accordant flow;
Give to the trumpet will and mournful breath,
And sound the freeman's saddest dirge of death."